



Nicargua



👁 23 ✓ 14 ★ 5

Chapter 1 by Robert Hernandez

There is edge between the farthest you can hear and not: before it's gone, everything hums some. here and there-a curve around a pocked slope, a grey camel sky, and an evil feeling-handles mischief, the hard lean of time itself.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



It is a gay club... called Nicargua. And if you weren't gay when you went in... you most certainly will be when you come out.

Chapter 3 by jeffyb



Four men went to the club for a boy's night. Alfonso, the leader and most handsome of the men had heard about this magical place where men can drink for free, so naturally he invited his closest of friends.

Bonofasio, the clown of the group laughed as he pulled out a huge roll of condoms from his pocket like a whip, "We are going to have fun tonight boys!" he exclaimed.

Robert, the ugly, yet moderately wealthy man, sank his head in caution and said, "This is too good to be true guys. Can we just go to the strip club instead?"

And lastly, there was Knee Shoes. Knee Shoes was a different sort of fellow with an odd name to match. No one really knew what his real name was, but for about ten years people have

referred to Knee Shoes as such. He was the alternative one of the bunch. He wore goth pants and juggalo makeup. He smiled with a wide grin. "I wait for this! I bet we will get a lot of action tonight!"

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Chapter 4 by intellikat



Crossing the border anytime after 5pm was no problem, and the posse of young men were in high spirits already after a few drinks at Robert's ranch house. Tijuana was aglow on a Friday night, and the men leaned from the windows of the black Land Rover as it rolled evenly along the road. Though it was nighttime, the men all wore matching red sunglasses as a bit of a sight gag.

"Hey guys. Look. I'm thinking I won't go in with you this time," said the driver.

"What the fuck, Robbie?"

"Hey! It's my car. I don't feel like just leaving it around here."

"Holy shit. What a racist, right?!" Alfonso joked and the others all laughed. "What? Like they've never seen a Land Rover down here? Sweet Jesus, Robert. Everything's fine."

"They have valets, bro," Bonofasio laughed. "They watch the cars for you. Throw in a tip and maybe they'll even wax your rims."

"It's not like we're going to the Titty Twister, or whatever it was in that Tarantino film with the vampires..."

"Okay, okay. Shit..." Robert palmed the wheel of the car onto another street. "You drive next time, Bonerface. You guys are assholes."

The only one who was silent the whole time was Knee Shoes. Bonofasio (or Bono, as his friends sometimes called him) hit him in the shoulder.

"What's up, Knee Shoes? Awfully quiet tonight."

"Diarrhea," was the one word out of the normally jubilant companion.

"Aw, damn." The others laughed. "That's bad, bro. That could put a real damper on your chances tonight"

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"I guess somebody likes 'A' around here," joked Bono.

Robert rolled the car into the lot, and even his anticipation was growing as the deep reverberating hum of a bassline could be heard from the lot. A diminutive pair of valets met them at the entry, opening their doors politely. Robert gave them a quick once-over, and now trusting, handed over his keys and a 20-dollar bill. The men crowded together (as they do) grabbing at each other and laughing in expectation of the night ahead. Up ahead, a large bouncer stood at the door, and gave them a good look up and down before smiling and waving them in. As the door opened, the sounds of thick EDM met them like a tidal wave.

Chapter 5 by jeffyb



Flashing light crossed their faces as they entered. The beats of the heavy music pounded into their chests.

A beautiful woman with half her head shaved and tattoos all over her body guided them across the main hall and asked, "Do you boys want the VIP treatment?"

Excited and giddy they all shook their heads in agreement. "Very well," she replied, "follow me."

She led them down a dark hallway with several rooms. Moans of pleasure could be faintly heard through the powerful music.

She led them to a door marked "369" and when it opened, they couldn't believe what they saw.

Chapter 6 by jeffyb



The room was much larger than they imagined. The walls were covered in an electric blue wallpaper and the floor and ceiling were solid pieces of mirror.

Six women quickly stood up from the table at the center of the room. They were all stunningly gorgeous and were dressed in tight, black leather dresses. Each had a wild hair color and an even wilder look about them.

They were welcomed in and sat at a table. They realized the door had been shut and locked behind them.

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The tallest of the women stepped forward and in a dark, sultry voice she asked, "What will it be for you gentlemen? Pleasure. Or pain?"

Chapter 7 by intellikat



Bono piped up.

"Pleasure for me, please! By way of your pretty little mouth and my pink desert lizard!"

One of the women had sidled up somehow beside the men as Bono jawed off, and at the conclusion of his jaunty little response, she drew a long bullwhip from behind her back and whipped Bono directly across the buttocks with a crack loud enough to make Thor take note in his diary that night.

The joker of the group cried out in terrific pain-- and at the same moment, the other five women descended upon the group and quickly subdued them with a variety of implements. At brief moments when the light was good enough and the movement was not too fast, one could see nunchakus, a police baton, an old-fashioned telephone receiver, a garden hose, an ice cream scoop, and Korean chopsticks being manipulated by the women in a variety of painful ways upon the men. The scene was gruesome, but over quickly. When the women had finished, the men lay in a crumpled heap on the floor, heaving and gasping for breath.

It was then that the leader of the women lifted a walkie-talkie and announced... in a now very deep voice...

"The meat is tenderized. I repeat... the meat is tenderized. Send in the butcher."

And with that, the men's night became a nightmare.

Chapter 8 by jeffyb



Struggling with the daze and confusion, unseen people in the darkness took the men and strapped them to various confines and tables that could move at certain pivots.

"What is going on here?" yelled - See more of Story Wars

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It was difficult to make out any features on the man as he slowly entered the room. As he turned around to close the thick metal door it was clear that he was solid muscle and covered in some kind of oil. When the door finally snapped closed it became easier for the men to see a clearer picture of the nearly seven foot tall man.

He lit a match and took it to a red candle on the far wall. Quietly, the room became more and more clear as the hulk of a man slowly lit more candles around the room.

Knee Shoes cried out, "What is going on here? Why won't you let us go? This is illegal!"

The big man stopped before lighting the last candle and swiftly turned around to lock eyes with Knee Shoes. The man glided across the room and put his chiseled face in front of Knee Shoes and smiled. With an intense look in his eyes and a feminine but strong voice he said, "Love isn't illegal," and a sly smirk grew on his face, "I'm the Butcher."

He kissed Knee Shoes' forehead and in a flash had the last candle lit. The men moaned for their freedom but the Butcher ignored them and went to the center of the room for them all to see and ripped off the severely soiled apron to reveal he was completely nude underneath it. All attention quickly went away from the man's face and the hanging monstrosity between his legs.

It swung like a five kilogram weight between his knees and dripped with a copious amount of oil.

Robert squealed. "Oh my god!" And at the sound of his would-be victim's amazement, the Butcher's massive cock began to throb and grow.

"You boys are about to experience something many people would pay handsomely for," said the Butcher as he began to stroke himself. "There is nothing you can do but enjoy the love I am about to give you."

"Why do they call you the Butcher?" stalled Bonofasio.

The Butcher chuckled. "You're about to find out."

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Desperate for freedom, the men fought back. The more they struggled, the tighter the leather straps became. The more they struggled,

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"Let's start with you," spoke the greased up giant as he pointed his now fully-erect member at Alfonso. "You've got the prettiest face. I hope you enjoy it, because if you don't, no one will find your lifeless corpse."

The men begged and pleaded, but one by one they were all brutally face-raped and taken from behind mercilessly by the Butcher. Oil, blood, and semen covered the floor. All of them believed that they were soon going to die after the ordeal, but after several hours of horrific pain, the worn out giant decided to finally retire and left the room.

The men sobbed for another half hour before the ladies from before came into the room. They carried fresh towels and bandages. "We are here to patch you up and see that you are safely brought home." spoke their leader. "Now let's get you cleaned up."

As the sun was rising, the men were finally going home. Stumbling and bow-legged, they walked into their homes and fell asleep.

None of them could say that they truly hated the experience.

Knee Shoes was definitely planning another trip.

the end

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